

taking care of the two little boys, children by Brother Nicols' first marriage. One child died in infancy and the other lived to be six years old. She was the mother of 11 children, and a tender, loving mother to the daughter of his third wife, who died after the birth of the little girl, saying, "Be her real mother, Hannah. I'm going, so I give her to you." In every sense of the word she fulfilled the promise. Doing it so well even the child herself and her half-brothers and sisters were unaware that Sister Nicol was not her own mother. One day she came home heart-broken with the news. Sis-

"For this is Christmas, Bally,  
And we quickly home must go."  
Sometimes the roads were muddy  
Or sand would make it slow,

But, our dear Danish Doctor  
Never failed us, no—no—no!  
She went right through all weather  
And helped us weal or woe.

So praise we'll give her always,  
And high on memories' wall  
We'll see her face still smiling  
Merry Christmas to you all.

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